

The Storms Know, Part 3: To Understand

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Category: Digimon

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-01 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-01 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:05:27

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,653

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Who is this friendly one who helps out Gigadramon? And what can Gabumon learn from dreams? PLease r/r! ^_^;

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I know this is like, really stupid, but i don't care. O.o;;

>
Disclaimer: Ok, so I don't own it...

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>The day was gray and yellow across the desert Gigadramon had come upon. He couldn't come to terms with Megadramon's death. Thoughts crossed his mind constantly, ones such as, I should have stopped him, it should have been me...Machinedramon's death had been bad, sure, bue Megadramon had been like a brother to him.

>Regret was the only feeling he had. Regret that he hadn't at least tried to stop his friend, or that he hadn't gone with him. But he knew it was too late. And he didn't dare think of revenge, for his own life's sake.

>Desolate, lost, Gigadramon landed, curled up in the sands of the desert, and slept under the intense heat of the sun.

>*

>A pair of bright amber eyes cut through the darkness of the brush in front of Gabumon. He had smelled the small koromon a while before the pink head had actually appeared.

>"Hello big Gabumon!" it shouted merrily, bouncing once off the ground.

>"Hi there, little one," Gabumon replied with a smile.

>"You're the one that killed the big mean dramon, aren't you?" it asked, a wide, toothy grin appearing on its face. "Because if you are, then you're invited to our village for a feast!"

>"Well, I suppose I--"

>"Then let's go!" The koromon grabbed Gabumon's hand with both ears and pulled. Gabumon folowed, chuckling slightly.

>It was a short trek to the village, which was a lot larger than Gabumon remembered it being.

>He was led through a crowd of koromon, who cheered and applauded him vigorously. His cheeks flushed slightly as the small koromon escorted him into the main tower and up the stairs. Once at the top, a familiar scent flowed into his nostrils.

>"Long time no see!" a voice shouted from within a large room.

>Gabumon peered within and laughed joyously.

>*

>Gigadramon awoke to the sound of singing. He was no longer in the desert, he found, when his sight cleared. Rather, a dense, green forest.

>"You've been asleep long, friend," a voice said softly. He noticed the singing had stopped.

>"Wha...?" he started.

>"I really shouldn't call you friend, because technically, you aren't, but, oh well."

>"Who are you," Gig snapped forcefully.

>"Temper, temper. Just a former acquaintance, that's all," the voice answered.

>Gigadramon was thoroughly confused. "Tell me who you are!"

Attempting to move, he found, was fruitless. Every time he tried, searing pain would flow through every nerve in his body. A snarl erupted from his throat.

>"Pity," the voice taunted. "You act pretty tough for someone who's so ill." A small laugh was heard. "Maybe I should have left you for dead."

>"I'm going to kill you when I'm well!" snarled the serpent.

>The laughing only got louder. "Oh I wouldn't count on it! You see, your life depends on me, buddy, and I could leave you to die right now. And I don't know one other digimon that would even think of helping an evil one!"

>Gigadramon sighed. The most he had been able to establish was that whoever it was, it was a female. Weariness was plaguing him now. He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep, as the singing quietly resumed. The music, smooth and pure in tone, lulled him to sleep.

>"The moons, the stars, the heavens above, guide me, with your precious love. Sing to me, your gentle song, in sweet careening voices the will carry me along. Cry to me in silence, your tears forever gold, take me in your gentle grasp and make me strong and bold. Wrap me in your blanket, of soft, glistening light, touch the sun at dawnbreak, make the world forever night. The moon will rise, the sun will set, and I will drift away, and up upon those gentle stars I shall be there to stay. Endless magic of the night will draw me to and fro, and up into the wintry sky, I shall surely go. And in the cold when the moon shines bright, I shall lift my voice in tone, I will gaze into your star struck eyes and never be alone. For if you hold my happiness and wrap it in your light, I can touch the sun at dawnbreak, make the world forever night..."
*

>
"Agumon! Hello old friend!" Gabumon spread his arms in greeting. Agumon promptly ran to welcome his friend.

>
"So you took down old Megadramon!" Agumon stated cheerfully, grinning as much as his face allowed.

>
"Oh yes, It was quite easy too, for some reason," Gabumon replied.

>
Agumon blinked, then beckoned Gabumon forwards. "After Tai left, I came to stay with some old friends. They're really great for being

so small! Come on, we've got plenty of food."

>
Masses of koromon bounced about, bringing the two old friends various foods. Fruits, vegetables, meats, and bread were hurried out constantly to the two, until they finally began to protest the koromons' hospitality.

>
"Whoa!" Agumon said, stopping one koromon and turning it around.

>
"Why don't you koromon eat something for yourselves," suggested Gabumon, chuckling and patting his full belly. All of them nodded simultaneously, and bounced away, leaving the two alone.

>
"You know what Agumon? I just realized this: Megadramon's buddy was nowhere to be found," Gabumon noted suddenly.

>
Agumon shrugged. "Someone's probably already taken care of him."

>
"Maybe you're right, but I still wonder..."

>
*

>
"You stopped singing. Why?" Giga asked, opening one eye.

>
"You ask too many questions," came the answer.

>
"You don't answer any of them. I'll keep asking until I get one," he replied shortly.

>
"Fine. Answers...to all of your questions. I am Itannamon, you're in a forest, you've got nothing more than an illness of mind, commonly known as depression, you're half blind from the desert sand and sun, and I stopped singing because I wanted to," she sighed back.

>
"You have sturdy lungs," Giga commented, jokingly.

>
"You have a sturdy jaw bone," Itannamon retorted coolly.

Finally, she stepped into veiw. She sat down almost immediatly, and gazed back at Gigadramon. Her form was small, wirey with muscle. She looked much like a wolf (but very unlike Garurumon), and she was the size of one too. She was jet black, everywhere, except in circles around her eyes, and on her legs and feet, which were snowy white. Her ears were a bit large, and her tail a little too long. And certainly, she was much too thin to be one of Earth's wolves. Her eyes shone pure silver, and were sharp, peircing, and ever alert. "Pitiful looking, aren't I just? For an ultimate digimon and all." A grin spread across her lips. "But these sure are handy." She raised a front paw and extended a row of curved, hooked talons, that had a very cruel look to them.

>
"I'm sure they are," Giga replied. Somehow, he hadn't expected his caretaker to look quite as she did.

>
*

>
Gabumon feel asleep that night restless and thoughtful. His dreams began to reflect his thoughts in ways he least expected, and they startled him from the start.

>
Matt was there, smiling at him. But when Gabumon reached out for him, Matt shook his head.

>
"No," he said. "This dream is fragile, and there are things you have to know."

>
Gabumon nodded.

>
"First of all, Megadramon's buddy is still alive, like you thought." Both of his eyebrows raised. "But don't worry. I've got a feeling you've got a friend there. Two actually, but just forget that for now."

>
"But--" Gabumon started.

>
Matt cut him off. "Shh." He raised one hand, smiling. "Just listen. I don't have a lot of time here." He went on, "There's an evil forming. It's ganna screw around with the elements, you know, water, wind, fire, stuff like that. I wish I could be there to help

you, buddy, but it's not possible. Just remember one thing."

>
Gabumon bowed slightly. "What?"

>
"The storms know," Matt replied, his grin growing bigger.

>
"What do you mean, Matt, what do you mean?" Gabumon asked, but found it hopeless, for Matt was already gone.

>
"Gabumon, wake up!" he suddenly heard. It was Agumon. Gabumon jolted upright.

>
"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

>
"Some of the koromon have spotted Gigadramon above the village!" Agumon shouted back, worried, and tugged on Gabumon's arm. Gabumon instantly relaxed against his pull.

>
"Do not fear, Agumon. He will not attack us."

>
"What do you mean, he's an evil digimon, of course he will!"

Agumon snapped back. "Are you delirious?!"

>
"Not unless dreams constitute as delirium. Matt told me he will soon be one of our allies. There is greater danger--"

>
"Allie?" Agumon yelled, cutting Gabumon off. "I think not!"

>
"You'll see soon enough, but please, Agumon, trust me. Matt would never lie to me, I am certain of that," Gabumon said back softly.

>
"Alright. I just hope you're right on this one Gabumon..."

>
*

>
"Brilliant up here! It was nice of you to oblige to taking me up here Gigadramon!" Itannamon shouted against the wind. "You'd almost think I was your friend!"

>
"Almost," Giga grumbled back. "But I'm only sdoing this to pay you back!" And I would never even dream of replacing Megadramon! he thought viciously.

>
Itannamon laughed softly to herself. He's quite a character...just needs to come to terms with his brother's death, that's all, she thought. And he's not nearly as evil as he makes himself out to be...

>

>
Hope you enjoyed! I know it's kinda dumb, but oh well. O.o;

End
file.